

MARCH
No. 66

SICK

35¢



IN THIS ISSUE

"SUPERB SECOND CLASS"

WHAT THE AIRLINE ADS DON'T SHOW YOU
ABOUT

ECONOMY FLIGHTS

EXTRA SPECIAL PARODY

A HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK
FOR *NOW, BABY!*



(1) Mrs. Cynthia Homerschlagg smoked her first cigarette on May 19, 1910... in the attic of her Victorian mansion. Her husband caught her—he sealed up the attic—with Cynthia still inside. (2) Griselba Bell smoked her first “crazy” cigarette behind the old barn... on an old fence... with an old farmer. They were married later—nine months later. (3) Mero Phaeeps smoked her first home-made cigarette on March 4th, 1911. She passed away on March 5th, 1911. And you’re going a long way, too—now there’s a sick filthy cigarette all your own.



Now Virginia Sicks.

The new sick cigarette
that makes fat women
slim, just like that
fatal disease.
Regularly Deadly
or Menthol Funeral



Yes, with Virginia Sicks—
You're going a LONG, LONG way!

Volume 9,
Number 2

SICK

March, 1969
No. 56



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SICKCERELY YOURS..



Please write to:
Sick Magazine
444 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y., 10022

I have considered your magazine as a Cultural Bible and have pruned your articles attacking all the evils of the Gnost Society. However, when you had the nerve to mock Tiny Tim, the only son of North America who hasn't been assassinated, you guys are anarchists or something. I have just lost all my confidence in you. I hope you will apologize and restore my good feeling for you.

Thomas Banay
C/O General Delivery
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Ed: Tiny Tim wanted to join the Army but they went crazy trying to classify him.

You really hit the target with *The Mafu Machine*. It's about time somebody deflated the family doctor. Hey, I could tell you some stories about our experiences with those pill pushers, but they wouldn't be very funny.

Phyllis Singer
Flushing, N.Y.

Ed: If it's not funny, we'll print it.

You've got a lot of gall putting down doctors and hospitals. How would you like to live in an area where they didn't have medical facilities? I'd bet you'd be singing a different tune then. When you need a doctor, you'd be surprised at how good the phony sounds. "Then may hurt a little." At my age (I'm 84) you really got to appreciate the efforts of your family doctor.

William Deont
Bronx, N.Y.

Ed: You're a sick old, William.

I liked the way you put down, Maria. I've been wondering about that show for a long time. They have the most modern computers and scientific methods to fight crime and they always solve their problems with a punch in the nose.

Maria Fortin
St. Louis, Mo.

Ed: Computers should be used only for dating. Right, Maria, baby?

Why pick on Maria? I think those scientific detectors are the coolest. I mean the computers, not the detector.

Rachel Lavery
Oakland, Calif.

Ed: We'll do the jokes around here, Rachel?

Your Sick Award to Mad was not only an eye-opener but a stroke of true satire. I also want you to know that I hate you for it. I always thought that they were so original—it's like finding out there is no Santa Claus. From now on I'm buying Timex.

Alex Albinio
Chicago, Ill.

Ed: What about Sick? What about Sick?

I could have told you about Mad. I'm glad someone came along to deflate their little balloons. A magazine should be mean and nasty if they go to the extent. I think you should give more Sick Awards.

Marcus Reddy
Koshkotee, Miss.

Ed: The next one goes to you, Marcus.

Attention all prisoners: Send money! Dollars, half dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels, and pennies will be accepted. Send the money to 335 Vermont St., Travis A.F.B., California, and I will give it to your favorite charity. P.S. I am of course your favorite charity.

Steve Kemp
335 Vermont Street
Travis A.F.B.
Calif., 94505

Ed: Charity begins at home, readers.



I'm a "Pure Mermaid" and I feel very proud of it. I think I can beat any yellow-bellied primp any time.

The reason I'm writing to you is that I read the September issue of *Elk* and I found in the Stock-story *Pease Bottom* a letter written by a *Sensational Olney* from the state of New York. Little Old Sensual says that my buddy Gilberto Castro is an effeminate fink, well, I dare him to prove it.

To close, I would like to say that I don't agree with my friend Gilberto when he says that this psychobolic magazine is plain garbage. I think it is the grooviest and coolest mag you Americans have ever given to the "he" world.

Hernando Rios
Ciudad de los Ninos,
La Paz, B.C. Sur,
Mexico

Ed: Sam Olney was right, Hernandez, believe us!

I've been reading your Mag. for some time now, mostly to uphold my image as a jerk. All of a sudden, I find some of your material actually is funny. However, this is not a letter of appreciation, but a request for you to lay off the funny stuff for a couple more months because I shall be 21 shortly, and as an official adult, I would be forced to abandon "Elk," since it is a Kid's Mag. I'd like to think that I'm not missing anything. By the way, I'd like to write some girls, who regrettably, like me, have reached adulthood themselves much adulthood at 18. Thanks.

Richard Hall
790 Chas. Ave.,
Bachster, N.Y.

Ed: Kid's mag? Are you kidding? Herbert Humphrey, George Wallace and Dick Gregory all got their campaign plans from *Elk*! Dick Nixon is too old. He was always too old.

I really liked your August issue, I bought it personally. I enjoyed "Old Hippie John." I think your response is really something else. I am 8 years old.

David Harbert
Oakley, California

Ed: *Elk* is not for kids, hell!



My mother is a teacher and she hangs the Teacher Corps poster in her classroom. Now the kids think she's real hip. That was a real line, wasn't it?

Melvin Glazer
Los Angeles, Calif

Ed: No.

I tried to join the Teacher Corps but I can't seem to find my local recruiting board. Can you help me?

Larry Thomas
New York

Ed: No.

Your "Future Ads for Subways" made the subway ride seem like a great adventure. When I come to New York, I plan to spend a whole day on the subway. I hope it lives up to my expectations.

Pat Howell
San Diego

Ed: We hope you live through it.

"There's been a lot of that bug goin' around lately!"

NEW DRUGS FOR HIPPIES

A recent survey has disclosed that Hippies are growing bored with LSD, opium, and marijuana. They are switching to more powerful stimulants. Some of these new drugs can be extremely dangerous to the Hippie if applied improperly, and the authorities are alarmed!



SHAMPOO

Warning: Should only be taken internally! If accidentally spilled upon the hair all the wild life there might drown!

Art by Bob Taylor
Script by Bob Holt



DEODORANT

Licking this mysterious substance results in fantastic psychedelic trips. Extreme care must be taken, however, not to permit this powerful stimulant to ever drip down to armpits! The destructive effect it would have upon the odor accumulating there over the years may prove fatal or worse!



DISINFECTANT

To apply properly, the container should be held in either the left or right hand and banged vigorously against the skull until the "trip" begins. Great care must be taken lest the finger accidentally come into contact with the spray button, or the results may prove fatal!



H₂O

Almost all Hippies are still terrified of this most potent drug, and will not use it. If applied in large dosages it can completely demolish his image! However, it has one effect which a growing number of them are finding increasingly difficult to resist. When dabbed in tiny amounts upon the dirt that is called on their bodies, it produces NUD!



TOOTHPASTE

Has great psychedelic effect if placed in ears. Great care must be taken, however, not to permit this powerful substance to ever touch the teeth! The sediment that has been accumulating there over the years may be utterly destroyed!



AFTER-SHAVE LOTION

This is the only new drug that cannot do any harm since the beard will completely absorb the liquid before it can come into contact with the skin.

Applied to the beard it will help to make the flowers grow.



SOAP

Excellent for sniffing. However, extreme caution must be exercised to prevent it from coming into contact with any skin surface. As a precautionary measure this substance should only be handled with 10 foot prongs.

It's happened, baby! Through the magic of the "look tube," the youth movement has finally succeeded in infiltrating the last bastion of Establishment authority—The Fuzz!

In this Drug Dealing School for violence, a trio of teen-age losers are given a chance to redeem themselves in the eyes of society, by the simple expedient of helping law enforcement officers in their never ending search into wrong-doing—in other words, they're finks!

In this program, the accent is strictly on youth. In fact, during every station-break, they have to bump the director. The basic premise of the show is that these discotheque daks have the youth, the guts, and the nerve to go where the average cops dare not go. This was proven on their very first case, where the two guys were picked up for loitering in the Ladies' Room—waiting for their date—the third member of the trio called:

Art by Bill Robinson

Script by Fred Wells



All right, let me see, now. This is the record of the rich white kid. Hm, it seems he made a killing on Wall Street.

What's so bad about that?

It was his brother! Let's see that next record. Well, well, this colored kid stole a watermelon.

See, that's not so bad.

Out of George Wallace's mouth?

Hm. The last one presents a problem. This girl was arrested for keeping bad company. In fact, it says here her mother is a stracholier.



That does sound a bit gammy. Why don't we just change the record to read—"mother in public relations"?

Good thinking! By the way, O'Reilly, have you ever thought of going into politics, or don't you have a show business background? Okay, bring the kids in.

Hi, Whitey! Wanna buy a bike?

Don't they ever use doors?



All right, you three, calm down and let's get right to business.

Business? Say, that reminds me, I have to check the ticker. Hm, U.S.M. went up ten points. Okay, chief, now I can afford to listen to your proposition.

And speaking of propositions, chiefo, I bet your wife doesn't understand you one bit.

What am I saying? Get off my lap, young lady!

As a matter of fact, Ben and I haven't been getting along lately.





When he stomped on Presley's "Blue Suede Shoes," we noticed a definite aroma of distilled grapes clinging to the nap.

Sounds like some kind of wine to me.

Precisely. We also found, on the floor, an old lead sheet of the "Bear Barnet Polka," proving that he's a music lover from the old school. And the only old school I know where they serve liquor is this dance hall for arthritis swappers down the street.

What kind of place is that?

It's a discotheque for the Medicare set.

I've already lined up a job for you three as the new group playing there this weekend, so keep your eyes open, and your hands out of the customers' pockets. Anything you want to cover, chieft?

Speaking of covers: Young lady, there's just one thing I want you to remember:

What's that?

My apartment number is 580.

Get on it, you idiot!

The Glad Squad is now playing in the "Slippin'-Doo! Discotheque," where the 801 Sound is the hand-dancing of interior.

I think we're going to have a hard time finding that wine in this place. All they seem to drink here is prune juice.

Hmm. No wonder the sign says "Hus, do not walk to the nearest exit." Wait a second, the cigarette girl is giving us the eye. I think she wants to attract our attention. Say, why is she wearing road map directions on her legs?

Those aren't road map directions, you idiot! Those are verbiage hints!

Cigars, cigarettes, hot chicken soup? Hello, boys, I'm a special agent sent by the chief. I've got some information on that wise you're looking for.

Lay it on us, granny

The man who is out to destroy Rock and Roll can be found at Jack Benny's New Year's party

That's your story, sister!

You've got to trust me, sonny.

BLAM!
BLAM!

Why did you shoot that nice old lady in the gut?

I never trust anyone over thirty

The Chief Squad enters Jack Benny's apartment, disguised as entertainers, while the New Year's party is in full swing

Did you call the chief?

Call that old lecher? What kind of a girl do you think I am?

W... know, already in what?

It'll be here

Come on, everybody, dig in!

Here, here a potato chip. If isn't "Lay's," so you won't be able to eat more than one.

When I was *The Fugitive*, I ate better than this in hobo jungles. Hey, you kids. Be careful how many hors d'oeuvres you eat—there's all members!

Hey, Jack. Where's the booze? Who ever heard of a New Year's party without a drop of liquor?

Patience, Duke, it's coming right up. My grubby drink only had enough left to either fire a bazooka or buy liquor. But after careful thought and a lot of fussing, I was able to do both. So, without further ado, I present the highlight of the evening, Lawrence Walk and his champagne model. Pour it out, Lawrence, baby!



Did you say Rock and Roll? I can't stand it! Polkas are the only songs worth playing! Where are their terrible records? I'll destroy them all!

The enemy of Rock and Roll!

Of course! We should have known!



Ok, O'Reilly, take him away! If he gives you any trouble, put on an LP of the Beatles.

And a one, and a two, and a three: It's the only true music, I tell you!

Great work, kids. I'm proud of you. I know going straight is tough. So, if you ever get the urge to return to crime and decide to hold up a bank, I want you to promise me one thing:

What's that?

We split down the middle!





Script by Bob Mack

Art by The Professor

REBUILDING OUR CITIES

There had been lots of talk lately about rebuilding our cities. That's okay with us, but who's going to rebuild them? The same unimaginative bunch who messed them up in the first place, that's who. What our city planners should do is build separate neighborhoods for special groups. Our rebuilt cities would then look like this—**SICK PLAN FOR TOMORROW'S CITIES...**



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR MOTORISTS

Aggressive drivers could take out their hostilities on pedestrians in one section of the city that is free of sidewalks. By keeping this area in the center of the city, rather than making it part of a freeway, it would be more sport for the city driver, who would have a better chance against the pedestrian.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR DOGS

Dogs mess up the streets even more than litterbugs. That's better than messing up a house, right? A dog should have his place in the city. That place should consist of nothing but trees and fire hydrants. The trees would be fertilized and the hydrants could be turned on periodically to wash away the awful smell.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR PEDESTRIANS

Narrow one-lane roads and enormous sidewalks would make a walk in the city safe because traffic would constantly be at a complete stop.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR TV COMPANIES

Let the television sponsors lease up their own neighborhood as well as the airwaves.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR CATS

Formerly the neighborhood for rats, this section would also be the city dumps.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR MILITANTS

The Black Panthers want their own country. Maybe, they'll be satisfied with their own neighborhood.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR PHYLLIS DILLER

Phyllis should be isolated in this section employing hundreds of beauty parlor operators.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR FRANK SINATRA

Sinatra wants to leave the city. We think the city should leave Sinatra. Move his area into the country, that way we'll also get rid of a bunch of stupid chicks.

LITERATURE

It's higher education time again, folks. The original idea was to revive the pastime of joke-telling on the college campus, to keep the kids from acting up. The way things are working out, if it cools

the teachers, we will have accomplished our goal. Anyway, our series of classic college jokes and stories have been received with such compassion by all, that we're going to do it again...

The Ensicklopedia of **CLASSIC** **COLLEGE STORIES**

by Al Kaufman

THE WATCH



The little woman's watch had stopped ticking and he tried to find the trouble. Finally, he took the back of it off, looked into the works and found a dead bug. "No wonder it doesn't work," he said, "the engineer's dead."

PERFORMER



A man took his talented dog into a producer's office and put it through a long routine of monologues, telling jokes and singing musical comedy numbers.

"Pretty good," said the producer after it was all over. "Let's see her legs."

DRACULA'S BABY



Mrs. Dracula was having a baby, and Dracula was pacing the hall as nervously and so eagerly as my father. The nurse came in and handed him a little bundle.



"There you are, Mr. Dracula, a fine big baby boy," said the nurse. "You can take him home now."

"No, no," said Dracula, "I'll eat him first."

FRAT HOUSE



Two prospective pledges were invited to spend the night at a fraternity house and were ushered into the "guest room." "You'll find this room very comfortable," the first brother assured them, "it has a feather bed."



At two in the morning, one of the guests awoke his companion.

"Change places with me, Charlie," he groaned, "it's my turn to lie on the feather."

THE WINNER



"I won a prize at kindergarten today," boasted little Mary. "The teacher asked me how many legs a cow has and I said three."

"Three legs!" exclaimed her mother. "How could you have won the prize?"

"I came the nearest."

THE MOVIE



A theatre usher was astonished to see a big, brown bear sitting in the front row munching popcorn.

"Hey, you," he shouted, "you're a bear. What are you doing here?"

"Why, I enjoyed the book so much," replied the bear, "I thought I'd like to see the picture."

THE FUEHRER



During the early years of World War Two, Adolph Hitler, in an effort to establish himself as a great warrior, decided to lead one of his armies into action.

"What shall I wear?" he asked his valet.



The valet replied: "Whenever Napoleon led his armies into action, he always wore a red suit. That way they could never tell if he had been wounded and was bleeding."

"Quick," the Fuehrer ordered, "go get my brown pants!"

LUNATIC



A guard from a lunatic asylum rushed up to a farmer as he was working in the field and panted, "I'm searching for an escaped nut. Did he pass this way?"

"What did he look like," questioned the farmer.



"He's about 6 feet six, a very fat man weighing 35 pounds."

"That's impossible. How can that be?" asked the farmer.

"Don't be silly," snapped the guard. "I told you he was crazy."

LITTLE RED TRUCK



Two men were flying west in a passenger plane, making the first air trips of their lives. The plane touched down at Cleveland and a little red truck sped out to its side to refuel it. The plane landed again at St. Louis and again a little red truck sped out to it. The third stop was Las Vegas and the same thing happened.



One of the two men looked at his watch and turned to his companion. "This plane makes wonderful time."

"Yep," said the other, "and that little red truck can't do as bad either."

THE SERGEANT



The sergeant called his platoon to attention. Then he said, "All college graduates fell out to my right."



After he looked the balance of the platoon over he said, "High school graduates fell out to my left."



Then, with a knowing smile he said, "The college graduates can police the men, pick up hats, sweep the walk. The high school graduates can scrub down the garbage cans."



Turning to what was left of the platoon, he said, "The rest of you men can stand around and learn something."

The Thomas Crown Affair

This DeLuxe Color film is considered escapist fare—both for the audience and the men who pull the hold-up of a bank in Boston. It's called *The Thomas Crown Affair* and it's Steve McQueen who wears the title crown.

Faye Dunaway, lips still smarting from *Bonnie and Clyde* and other snack-time hits, is up to her usual tricks in this one, getting off one of the longest kisses in screen history. There's even been talk that the kiss may be cut and used as a sequel.

One of the slickest, clean-cut gang of robbers you've ever seen is headed together here for the job which would wipe out the Boston Mercantile Bank. (Mercantile is an old financial word meaning "It's in the vault if you want it.")



1—Steve McQueen is a hard-boiled Boston industrialist who figures life isn't dangerous enough. Since he is too far away from New York to get a thrill by walking through Central Park at night, he decides to mastermind a bank holdup. He decided on the bank after turning down a suggestion that he rob the local airport. He said no because he didn't want to get knocked for a good

2—Now here's what you call a swell bunch of typical American boys just hanging around in front of a bank. Who would ever suspect them of being robbers? They look like a bunch of businessmen waiting around for the bank to close so they can withdraw some money. Would you believe it's Raquel Welch behind those Foster Grants? Those men are just going through their party preliminary to the actual job. In fact, they are just on the brink of robbing the bank.

3—This scene has become standard fare everywhere. The police artist gets a description from the victim and sketches a likeness of the bandit. Then the bench artist gets a description from the victim and sketches a likeness of the policeman. The two exchange pictures and very often the bands to romance. Or being apprehended. Recently a fashion surrealist artist was robbed. He gave the police artist, another surrealist, the description. Within 10 minutes the police came back with a wheelbarrow, two fried eggs and a bunch of grapes.



4—Now the wheels of justice start turning. One policeman in charge of law-enforcement machinery has to get asked every right to keep things turning smoothly: Faye Dunaway (she's the one on the right) is an intrepid (pronounced shapely) insurance investigator who spends most of her time fighting off other agents who keep wanting to check her for damages Faye is making a valiant comeback after Boudie and Clyde, to which she was hit by 70 bullets. Somebody did a fantastic makeup job patching up all these holes.



5—Dunaway and Paul Burke are hot on the trail. They received a tipoff that it was done by a midge and are checking things out. It was rumored that the robbery was done by the same midge who was mugging short order cooks. He's the fellow who went berserk in the Playboy Club's dressing room and suffered serious squamous injuries.



6—This is the much talked-about chess game. The scene was thrown in gratuitously by a chess fan when the action began to slow. Some critics said the game was replete with sexual and symbolic overtones. But who listens to unhealed Steve McQueen, about to play the queen, is wearing an expression left over by Robert Stock from an Unreachable segment. Faye Dunaway is not an untouchable. Although you can't see the queen from the front, it's called a chess player's spectral—one bad move and she's in big trouble.



7—If you think the above scene was much talked-about, you should catch this consolation scene. This was also talked about—by both participants. While the kiss was going on. This is probably the longest kiss in screen history. While it was going on seven others were arrested, nine popcorn machines were burned and 27 hard-core mental cases viewing the film on Reformation Day in Boston ran pell-mell through the screen. It was their way of celebrating Good Citizenship Week by trying to get involved.



8—Well, we told you it was a long kiss. But then you always have a long wait at the bus stop. McQueen is using the new-kiss technique taught to him by a one-lipped gladiator who used to siphon gas from perforated cars. Danaway employs the more standard Casual Open Gap style in favor among short mentalists and drive-in waitresses. Both contestants were given combat pay for this part of the film.

10—Well, you'd think that after all that chess playing and kissing a guy would give up robbing banks and go straight—straight for Faye Danaway. But not McQueen, who's still bored. But we understand he gets bored robbing banks and takes up being a bored industrialist once again. In fact, he is so successful he is named Chairman of the Board, which takes up lots of people—audiences throughout the country.



9—And as the kiss continues, but not without its harmful effects. After the scene Danaway's lips were sent to summer camp for rest and rehabilitation, while McQueen's were placed on the critical list of the Manhattan Eye, Ear, Nose and Lip Hospital. In theaters throughout the country while this scene was going on, collections were taken up and contributions sent to the New Jersey Home for the Easily Stimulated whose residents are mainly theater managers.



MORE MOVIES

Crime hits a new high (or a new low) depending on which side of the law you're on, as Frank Sinatra leaves the gambling casinos of Las Vegas to play a real out-of-character role—a cop, a straight role with no singing, except

for the steel pigeons. This picture pulls no punches—leaving Frankie with four front teeth missing this time. The story line is in the neo-realistic tradition, dealing with theft, murder, sex and depravity—it's about a boy and his dog

The Defective

The story opens in the "consultation room" of the 36th Precinct, where Lieutenant Frankie Kelly is advising a law breaker of his constitutional rights.

All right, you crumb, come across, or I'll break every bone in your constitution!

Okay! Okay! I'll stop!

Script by Fred Wolf

Art by Tim Professor

Oh, no, you don't! You'll say! I'm looking for customers, not competition!

What's that? You've got a peach Scotch?

Come on, Dino, get off the line! I'm busy!

Dino! Put that other call through

Hello, Lieutenant? This is the chief. I've got a constitutional case for you, but you've got to crack it in 24 hours.

What happens after 24 hours?

My section puts out. Listen, Lieutenant, this is a murder case. This guy, Bruce Strongsway, was shot, beaten, poisoned and strangled—all on different nights.

Hmm. I wonder if he had any enemies?

Chief? Have we got any leads?

Yeah, the coroner says that all the other rough stuff with a microscope, microscopic examination reveals that Strangways was actually stabbed to death by a person. So go to some of their hunkies and see if you can round out the killer.

By the way, Frankie, your wife called to make a date.

No, with me!

That's my wife!

You'll go far in the department! Good luck, kid, and don't take any wooden suspects!

Frankie Baby goes to the "Gay Blade," a Greenwich Village club, checks out all guys who all have switched, rather than fight in Vietnam.

GAY BLADE

FIGHT NIGHT

VEGETABLE PLANTS

YOU ARE

Hi, Frankie Baby!

Say, Frank, who's that wild broad?

That's my wife. She's got this problem.

She's got a problem? Frankie, don't you mind her going out with other dicks?

Why should I? She always keeps Frankie apart. Okay, Clancy, let's speak to the bartender. Maybe, maybe she/he knows something.

You want the Sooties Island Ferry?—Speaking, sweetie!

Sorry, there are two darling boys coming, I'll have to cut you off.

Did you hear that, Clancy? "Cut you off," he said! We've found our snitcher!

Back at headquarters, Frankie decides to use psychological torture, in order to extract a confession from the kidnapper, Mabel Frost.

What's that noise?

Okay, Frost, either you talk or we take away your acquired Toothless!

Oh, Frost!

All right, Frost, you're a hard customer to crack. I guess I'll have to use the ultimate weapon. Okay, bring in my wife!

All right, honey—Look it to him!

Okay, Frost, why did you do it? Why did you stab Strangeways?

Wow! What a motive! Mabel Frost, I arrest you for the brutal murder of Grace Strangeways, and may M.G.M. burn in your soul!

What is it?

Would you believe I've crashed the helicopter that Tiny Tim got food through?

May I have a last request?

I think I'd like my ears done in cement!

Look! Stop! This is police brutality! All right, already, I'll confess! Only take her away!

A truckdriver? But I thought the corner pad Strangeways was stabbed by a priest!

So we tried the wrong guy? Oh, well, that's showing!

No way—with a phobic puppy fainting spell! They had a fight over a rule booking contract, and this guy stabbed Strangeways—right on the dotted line!

"With the exception of poor Mabel, here it was a very good year!"

Frankie Baby, the police on us. Frost is innocent. This truckdriver did it.

"I have only one vice and his name is Spiro"—Richard Nixon

All The News
That Fits, We Print

SICKKNIFICANT

LESS CIRCULATION
THAN ANY OTHER PAPER
IN AMERICA

FINAL EDITION

WEATHER
Var

NEWS OF THE WEAK

Vol. 1 No. 1

New York, N.Y. 10011

December 1981, 1981

NEWS ITEM:

Buxom computer operator on Wall Street measuring 43 inches, causes fantastic uproar simply by walking past thousands of financial area workers on her lunch hour wearing a yellow sweater. Her uncle has taken over as representative to capitalize on the publicity.



Script by Bill Mejsack

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE... Commit Your Crime Out-of-Town!

NEWS ITEM:

New Orleans—Police men's wives are up in arms because of a new order which requires policemen to ride on patrol in their cars with a policewoman.



No, Impersonating an officer.

Art by Bill Krosau

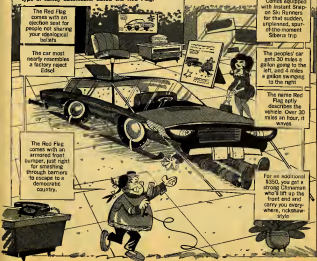
NEWS ITEM:

Rock Island, Ill.—Two inmates of the county jail here were married today. Both bride and groom wore handcuffs.



NEWS ITEM:

The Chinese Communists have invented a new-type of family automobile called the Red Flag.



NEWS ITEM: NEW YORK POLICE EXTEND FRIENDLY HAND

In an effort to make visitors feel more at home when they drop in to pay a visit, the desks at several New York City Precinct houses have been lowered in height. Instead of being filled with awe and fear that may come from looking up at an imposing figure behind a high desk, the visitors—and defendants—may now look down at the desk officer and, should the mood arise, be in good position to hit him with a stick. It's all part of the new police program to make each station a home-away-from-home.

Hallo, er Welcome to the 68th Street Precinct House. I'm Sergeant Blase, your emotional guidance consultant and I've never met a prisoner I didn't like. Shake hands

It startled me, man in blue.

Oh, I'm sorry. I suppose that was rather a sudden move.

Besides, my taxi pos, is everything else all right?

The music's too loud. And I hate Montevideo.

Hennessy! Turn down the Mazak. I'm not much for Montevideo either. If you don't mind, I'd like to have your name. Just in case someone asks.

Harry Hood.

And what brings you to visit our humble precinct?

Yes, I noticed that. Thought maybe you had killed a Turkey or something. Ha-ha-ha.

Well, it has to do with this blood-spattered jacket I'm wearing.

I did. Turkey Thompson, the bookie.

Did it with my Boy Scout hatchet? Carved him into 248 pieces.



Wow, 248!? That sounds like a new record. Oh, there I go again. I've been having so much trouble with my teeth lately. Prisoners keep biting me in the mouth.

You serve any food around this place?

Everything on the menu is a dollar-fifty. Drinks, sandwiches, everything.

What do you recommend?

Of course, we do. What kind of station house do you think this is? Officer, seat our visitor over there right between Mad Dog Benson and that young up-and-coming colorist.



Please, Harry, none of that. Our business aren't allowed to date princess. Tell you what though, we'll call ahead and see if we can arrange a nice room for you at the prison. Something from the YWCA.

Sounds fine. You know, I'm pretty tired. Especially my pitching arm. I'm hutch-wary.



I've always had good luck with the turkey.

I'm sick of Turkey.

Oh yes, I remember, 248 pieces.

This is Dom, our barney captain!

I don't like redheads.

Hennesty, bring in Doc. She's a blonde from the deep South. Great accent. You'll love her.



Thank, there, it's been a long day. Lie down here.

What??? Well, okay. Hennesty, give me a B flat, please.

...AND GOOD NIGHT ...



NEWS ITEM:

An African dance troupe featuring topless dancers has been ordered to stop the girls from doing the vigorous dances which are resulting in "pain, discomfort and injuries" to the young topless dancers.



NEWS ITEM:

A group of students at all-male Princeton University has demanded that the school be converted into a coeducational institution "as soon as possible."



In our last issue **SICK** exposed the shocking conditions in hospitals today. As a result, we received a lot of letters. Many were from hospitals, exposing the shocking conditions in **SICK**. But the majority were from our readers who complained that we didn't offer any constructive criticism. They felt we should do something positive about it.

And so, in this issue, we're attempting something positive. We're offering suggestions on things that hospitals can come up with in the future; things that will improve existing conditions, things that will make them better places in which to recuperate; and mainly, things that will fill up two more pages on this sickening topic, as **SICK** presents . . .

FUTURE ADVANCES IN MEDICINE

Art by B. Wazman

Script by Paul Letkin



DRIVE-IN HOSPITALS



RUSSIES FOR HURDLES



ORAL ENEMAS



SPORTS-CAR AMBULANCES



CHICKEN SOUP THAT CONTAINS PENICILLIN



DOCTORS' LITTLE BLACK
ATTACHE CASES



NINETY STRAIGHT-ICKETS



MORE FIGHTING OVER MEDICAIRE



NO MORE ARTICLES LIKE THIS

Resident Hater, Charles Rodriguez once more takes pen in hand to vent his frustrations on our sick society. "People are ridiculous," Charles comments, "last week I threw my cigar away in the street and a bum picked it up and gave it back to me, mumbling 'you mind taking another puff on this cigar, I'm trying to cut down.'"

Charlie is against open housing—"every house must have a roof," he asserts. Despite his undeniable talent, great art masterpieces hold little favor in his tastes. "All I can say about Venus De Milo," says Charles, "she didn't have to worry about underarm perspiration."

This is—



"Okay, Sylvester, peel some rubber!"

The Poisoned Pen of Rodriguez



*"Are you gentlemen sure you have the correct office?
The Congressman is not from a lumbering district..."*



"...And then one day I came home and found a note on the living room table ... 'Joe.' It said, 'the children and I are going away forever'..."



"Oh, no you don't! You're not abandoning that car in my place!"



"Get him, Oscar, get him!"



The airlines are conducting a massive advertising campaign extolling the glories of their new second-class accommodations. But with the overcrowding of the nation's airlines, the shortage of jetports, competition from unscheduled airlines, strikes and hijacking, what does the future really hold for slogans like

art by Doug Clevick scripts by Fred Wolff

"SUPERB

WHAT THE ADS SAY



"HIGHLY COMPETENT PILOTS"

LIKE IT REALLY IS



WHAT THE AIRLINE ADS WON'T SHOW US ABOUT ECONOMY FLIGHTS SECOND CLASS"

WHAT THE ADS SAY



"SUMPTUOUS GOURMET FOODS"

LIKE IT REALLY IS



"WE NEED
A NEW
RUBBER BAND"



"SLEEK, MODERN PLANES"



"MODERN RESTROOMS"

WHAT THE ADS SAY



"SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE TRAVELING STUDENT"

LIKE IT REALLY IS



"SAFETY-CONSCIOUS MECHANICS"

GREETINGS from
Big Al
Scarfolli
 Your Neighborhood Connection
 (You name it, we'll get it!)



THANK YOU TEENAGERS
 FOR MAKING ALL THIS POSSIBLE



24 Hour Service
 Bell Telephone Company

Corner
BOOK SHOPPE
 1001 BOOKS
 (the kind teenage boys like)
 OBSCENE PICTURES
 IN THE REAR
 (the kind teenage girls like)



SHARKY'S
POOL ROOM



Your Home Away From Home

Arty
MOVIE
THEATRE
 Corner Mann & Broad



NO ONE UNDER 16 EVER ADMITTED
 UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY
 THE ADMISSION PRICE

LUM FONG'S CHINESE
Hand LAUNDRY
 We Wash Chinese Hands



SAVE DAY SERVICE
 Bring your laundry in
 on Monday, pick it up
 the same day—in a
 (later) Monday—three months

JOE'S GARAGE
WE FIX TEENAGE WRECKS
 (we also repair cars)
 (see us before
 you report the damage
 to the Police)



LEO'S
LUNCHEONETTE
 Where The Kids
 Hang Out
 In Front
 (Formerly a Grille Shop)
 We Serve Grabs—
 Everybody Welcome



REWARD BAKER—A very good individual, on the whole, but a victim of his own greed. He is the only student who has retained some of his original humor, his plan to join the Navy as a lieutenant.

OSWALD GROVES—The more he was taught, the more he was inclined to squabble—he was known on the floor. This was a product of the war in America. In France, there had not been any squabbles but they were in Australia but they agreed that he was protesting.

STANLEY D'SALON—has been an excellent, he was certainly awarded the highest honors of a student. When first, it was the Captain of the parade of a student. Then, on the fifth day, he read on the fifth day, the girl still in it.

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MURRAY FINSTER—A very excellent student, he was the first in the classroom. He was a captain. After graduation he hopes to make a fortune selling dirty movies in postcards in visiting French tourists. He will most likely go down in history—as well as many other students.



SHIRLEY HOTTENKINS—Failed in everything but Geography. This is because she doesn't take Geography. She has taught the second hand to connect students by making her write. They also read an electric room. She plans to become a typist.



EDWARD WINNICK—As in college delinquency, he is known in the principles of how many times they open for him. What's more, he has brought his mother to school so many times, she would up getting a diploma.



T.R. ZULCH—Was the last not last of any student. He sits on the top of the board and goes all the way down the back. Which is somewhat surprising that in a boy who was the only one not down out of the top. Boy knows on a Section Eight.



SHIMON SHIMBASS—Famous for throwing a stick of dynamite into the school cafeteria. Only nobody knew about it all after the word. A commoner guess is, when he threw the stick down, there was a slight explosion. He is a Boy Camp.



IRVING WEINBERG—French from his job in France. He is also trying to eventually clean up on Wall Street. He is also trying to put the New Yorker magazine at that. He probably makes the most money before long. Twenty—of the three that long.



NARBARA FINICK—This is the girl who walked off with all the school's money. She was, only they caught her and made her put them back. After graduation, she hopes to get married to a happy and open up a chain of empty stores.

WHO'S WHOM IN THE GRADUATING CLASS

SEYMOUR BLUM—One of the biggest producers in the world, he recently led a march on Washington. This year he earned enough that he retired from Florida. After graduation, he plans to attend the University of Maryland and major in theater.



RONALD BARTEL—Majoring in French, member of the French Club, hopes to land a job at the U.N. as a Spanish interpreter. A happy dresser, he was recently picked up for being out of uniform while fully clothed.



ARONID AARBAEK—Conductor of the band at the school. This is because he's the choicest. Actually he's a major, but he has about his height. A brilliant student, he plans to go to Harvard Medical School—where they will study him.



CLYDE LOOMIS—One of the brightest students in the class, he has broken his hand's bones several times. He won't even wear glasses. Full he hopes to become governor of Yale and then mayor of New Haven. And if he still doesn't feel well he will go out a doctor.



EUGENE KERNETZ—This kid tried working his way through school but he wasn't smart enough. He was fired from his job as an elevator operator because he couldn't remember the route. A New York boy, he plans to get into medical school. He'd be an idiot in Jersey City.



LESTER KILMINEY—A real warbler, he was caught dipping piglets in an ink-well. Not a pretty bird—real pig talk. His ambition is to become a social director on a night out. If that doesn't work out, he plans to look forward to the ladies' room of the YMCA.



MARCIA MUD—A good student, she plays a mad-madly by one and old-fashioned by another. When she plays a mad-madly she plays a mad-madly by one and old-fashioned by another. When she plays a mad-madly she plays a mad-madly by one and old-fashioned by another.



HERBERT CLOMMS—He's more the master of the classroom. He's more the master of the classroom. He's more the master of the classroom. He's more the master of the classroom. He's more the master of the classroom.



CLASS VOTING

MOST POPULAR KID IN SCHOOL	Jack Marcano
MOST UNPOPULAR KID IN SCHOOL	Myra/Hill-Marino
BOY MOST LIKELY TO FAL	Herman Hansen
GIRL MOST LIKELY TO FAL	Kiana Clark
TEACHER MOST LIKELY TO FAL	High Backus
MOTHER OF THE YEAR	Ernest Foreman
WILDEST BOY IN SCHOOL	Lawrence Skogstad
WILDEST GIRL IN SCHOOL	Lawrence Skogstad
BEST DRESSED BOY	Oleg Calabro
BEST UNDESSED GIRL	Sophia Levine
ALL-AROUND UNDESIRABLE	Dy Con
LONGEST HAIR IN SCHOOL	Tim Markwick
SHORTEST HAIR IN SCHOOL	Daily Markwick
CLASS JUNKIE	Karen Fogelin
CLASS NERD	Howard Ford
CLASS STOOGE	Clay Pigeon
BEST WORST KID IN SCHOOL	Hans Crutty
SHRILLEST KID IN SCHOOL	Alan Town
BEST SISTER OF DESPOT FATHER	Gary Vidal
BEST KID WITH A TOWER	Ruddy Slesker
ALL-AROUND GENIAL MURDER	Benson Savage
BEST SIBBYBALL MAKER	Sal Baber
BEST STIM-UPON THROAT	Maddie Slesker
TEACHER'S PET	Slate Burwood
CLASS COMMISSION	Shirley Gault
WIFER OF THIS LAST	The Last Paul Latta

This is a completely new group of student members, Mr. Arthurs. Last year's conductor, Mr. Peltzer, went crazy trying to keep the group together or after graduation.



MODERN DANCE GROUP

In this creative class, the members step down to their rights and do group movements, each one of which tells a story. The story they're telling here is that they've just been arrested by the Vice Squad.



SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



PROLOGUE CLUB

The group has to always badly dressed boys. This is something every high school student has done. The only difference here is that the boys they're dressing are alive.



MAJIMA SOCIETY

Shows the members are performing in a new modern play, which is the sequel to "Star". A real event! Here, they're the actors who fully dressed at all times. Only thing, the audience who came school.



HOME ECONOMICS LAB

The girls in the group learn how to be good cooks, good housewives and perfectly good mothers. And all this is very important, considering that all of them are pregnant.



SCULPTURE CLASS

This year all the students worked together and carved a head of their teacher out of a 200 lb. mold of chopped beef. All born long it was displayed in the cafeteria until one day somebody ate it.

HERE WE SEE THE STRONG ALLIANCE BETWEEN A MASTER AND HIS PUPIL. Although some students are slow to respond, they usually make a stab at it. And the teachers generally get the point.



TYPICAL
FACULTY-STUDENT
RELATIONSHIP

HERE THE STUDENTS ENGAGE IN A TYPICAL DAY OF EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY. It's a fact that our students love their classrooms so much that many of them hate to ever leave!



GENERAL
STUDENT
BODY

HERE THE TEACHERS ARE SEEN IN THEIR USUALLY FAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS. Dedicated and idealistic, they will fight for their rights even when they have two others against them!



MEMBERS
OF
FACULTY

Administrative Staff



PRINCIPAL

Howard P. Shandley—A.B., M.A., T.S., Ed.D. Refused position as principal. The Shandley successfully led a faculty to its final offensive attack against the students. However, he is a man who is respected by all three sides of campus life—the teachers, the students and the police.



ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

A. Shandley—A.B., Ed.D., Ed.S., Ed.M. On the job nearly twenty years, a credit to the school department. Not the man in charge of the system—the justice in the basement. Mr. Shandley was even a licensed teacher. In fact, he was the only grade school principal in history. He has been working in a 12 and 13 year class. Only he was found because he couldn't remember the poem. However, Mr. Shandley now holds an important post—two in one school. He is in charge of school signs.



FAMILY HEAD

Gene G. Lapham—A.T., V.M., Ed.D., Ed.S. The Laphams will always be remembered as the first teacher to ever throw a softball at a student. A born leader, he was a two-letter man at Harvard. Then somebody told him about Lapham. A year later he was sent down to study. But who couldn't handle him anymore. This is when he came to our school from the first day. The students all loved him. Mostly because he takes golf.



GRADE ADVISER

T. Vernon Swanson—M.A., Ed.D., Ed.S., Ed.M., Ed.S. Swanson writes columns on everyday problems of students around the state. He knows the inside of a locker room, what to write on a poster of modern school life. He knows to remember your name Mr. Swanson is a hero on the students' poster. But he has never recently they have been a 25-year veteran. Fortunately for him, Swanson knows they school.

Class Valedictorian

ORVILLE SMEDLEY

Smartest student in the school, he has an average of 101 (he answered one question the teacher didn't ask, a model answer, he always has his nose buried in a book. This is because it's made out of heavy paper (the book, not his nose) (Orville is the teacher's pet. She can't afford a dog.



Orville Smedley was born in New York and went to public school in Coney Island. And it was quite a trip, traveling back and forth just to go to public school. Despite this, he graduated with flying colors. Somebody threw a party set at his. Always different, he was the only kid in the sixth grade who had ed Abraham Lincoln.

Although quite personable, Orville is not too good-looking. In fact, he was voted the ugliest kid in school. In his album of baby pictures his family kept only the neatest, and on the group graduation picture, Orville's face was cropped. He just hasn't any luck. He once had a nose job and it grew back. Despite this, he is a good talker. With his face he has to be.

At graduation exercises, Orville will make the Commencement address. He wrote the most address. In fact, Orville wants to become a professional writer. At the moment he is three-weeking by writing dirty letters and selling them to kids who want to get on the art teacher's nose. He is three-weeking by writing dirty letters and selling them to kids who want to get on the art teacher's nose.

We salute you, Orville Smedley. And may the Blessed of Happiness never rain on your parade. . . .



EXTRA-CURRICULAR SCHOOL ACTIVITIES
Our school takes part in its extra-curricular activities, both during and after class. Here a group of students are examining for the big exam given by the Sex Education Department.

A Message to the Graduates

The bus leaves a knock-out First Day breakfast with the parents, and the students head off for the first time to the new school. Then the students head off to the new school. Then the students head off to the new school.

able to manage. But when the doctor disappeared, this was the beginning of the end. That was when they began to die. What makes it so terrible is that there were the teachers and the students. All in all, there were 50 deaths. And the new school policy was over. Over.

But on a day, the way some of our students showed up at school, just a piece of paper. The school was over. Over. The school was over. Over. The school was over. Over.

School is to say, it was very hard feeling the day. School is to say, it was very hard feeling the day. School is to say, it was very hard feeling the day.

answered, it was a day. It was answered, a day. It was answered, a day. It was answered, a day. It was answered, a day.

And the conduct of these individuals was worse. It was the conduct of these individuals was worse. It was the conduct of these individuals was worse. It was the conduct of these individuals was worse. It was the conduct of these individuals was worse.

However, you the conducting class will soon be moving the greatest business. Perhaps you can do it. Perhaps you can do it. Perhaps you can do it. Perhaps you can do it. Perhaps you can do it.

And as you go out into the world, I have one message to the world of a great philosophy. The world is a great philosophy. The world is a great philosophy. The world is a great philosophy. The world is a great philosophy. The world is a great philosophy.

Alas remember these words. I have said them many times. I have said them many times. I have said them many times. I have said them many times. I have said them many times.

FROM THE PRINCIPAL

"and being held together"



FOR NOW, BABY

YEARBOOK

The HIGH SCHOOL

Copyright by Paul L. Galt

A SICK PARODY

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

FOR THE PRINTING CLERK OF JUNE, 1999



THE HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK FOR NOW, BABY

[illegible]

I'D RATHER BE READING

DCP

COMICS SCANNED BY

20 🕒 08

CAR BUNKLE

